

# Magazine Feature Section

## WHEN DOES A WOMAN LOOK HER PRETTIEST?

**The Paintings of Some of the Modern Masters Show the Feminine Poses They Consider Most Beautiful and Natural.**

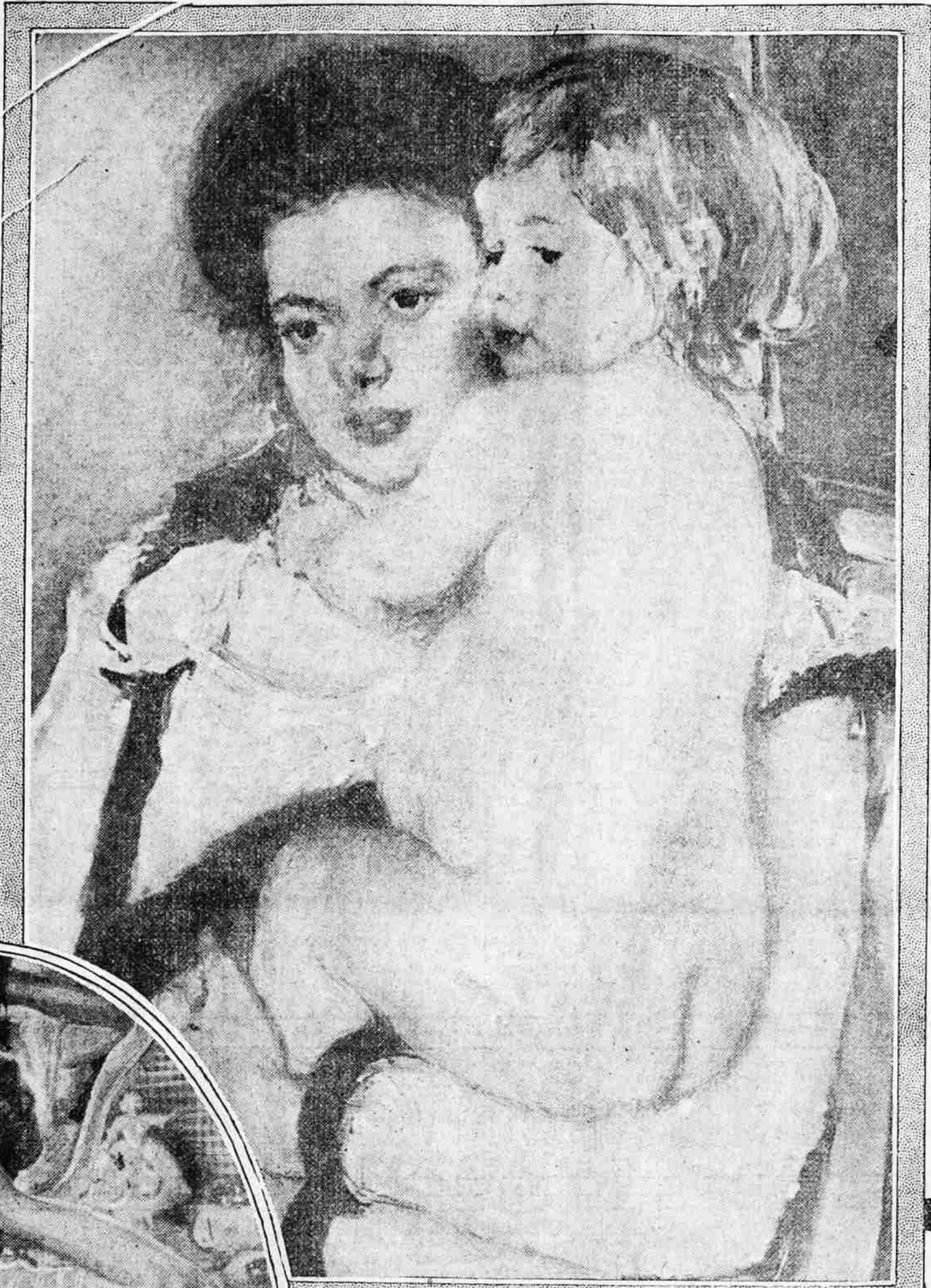
"When she is happy," announced the club editor.

"When she is serving breakfast coffee, dressed in a pretty negligee," opined the art editor. "There's a wonderful charm about a woman in simple morning dress at the head of her own table. She looks like the spirit of domesticity, the genius of the home—when the negligee is clean."

I, too, like a pretty woman best in negligee," the Story Lady agreed.

"In a ball gown she has nothing on her mind but coquetting and getting partners. She is keyed up and self-conscious and purposely pretty. In a tailor gown her mind is bent on nothing but getting somewhere. She is too sharply defined. Sitting back in her box at the opera her thoughts are all on the impression she is making."

"In a negligee she is real, comfortable, receptive. Her true nature and the charm of her womanhood



"Mother and Child," By Mary Cassatt.



"Lady At Mirror," By Fred C. Frieske.

have a chance for free play. I like her best that way."

"A pretty girl looks prettiest when she lifts her head suddenly, startled by something," said the auto editor.

"My sister looks prettiest when she is angry. Her eyes get big and brilliant, her cheeks red, and she's peachy."

"Me for the pretty girl sitting on a front porch on a summer evening before dinner, in a white dress all frills and flounces," was the vote of the office humorist-at-large.

"I like to see her walking, with

her cheeks getting pinker and pinker and the wind blowing her hair," said the artist at the window desk.

"Lots of the girl art students come out to our bungalow to stay all night. We sit around in our nighties talking about the big pictures we are going to paint some day," the girl illustrator breathed in a confidential aside, "and I always think that the best picture I could make would be to paint them just as they are then, in their nightgowns. I guess it's the long, flowing lines of the gowns that have so much charm



"The Shining Gown," By James R. Hopkins.



"A Quiet Hour," By John W. Alexander.



"Day Dreams," By Fred G. Carpenter.

for me. Then the girls are always so much themselves when they wear them. There isn't any man around to make them affected. They are their natural selves."

The girl cub reporter listened.

"Be your own sweet self and you will be your prettiest, all of you seem to think. Nobody has a kind word for the girl tagged out in her party clothes."

"I have," broke in the society editor. "That's how I see her oftenest. She's exquisite."

"Oh, no. A pretty woman always looks her prettiest in a negligee," the society editor's assistant interrupted, holding her hand over the mouth of the receiver into which she had been talking, "but the negligee must be a clean one."

The society editor reflected. "Perhaps you are right," she said. "The natural woman is the prettiest woman."

The humorist of the sporting page oared in next.

"When she's got a neat white apron on and is serving grub, that's when a woman looks her prettiest to me. Her cheeks are flushed and—oh, well, that's when she looks good."

"It isn't the grub. She's a real woman then, not a plush horse. She gives me the home-y feeling through and through."

"I don't like her best when she's showing three square yards of cuticle in an opera box, or sipping cocktails in a cafe, or parading the town with nine feet of feathers on the top of her head. Or when she's

making a hosiery show of herself on a windy day. She doesn't look her prettiest to me then."

"When she is putting our baby to sleep, or hearing Billie boy say his prayers, that's when it makes me tighten up around the heart strings and aching around the eyes to look at my wife," said the feature writer. "She looks her prettiest to me all the time, but at those occasions she looks more of an angel than ever."

The fraternal editor put away his paste pot, preparatory to leaving for the night.

"Speaking of dressers," he said, "the way my wife wreathes her head with her arms while uncoiling her hair and talking out the hairpins makes about as pretty a picture as a woman could make of herself."

"I like to see a pretty woman with her head bent over a book," ventured the literary editor. "There is such charm in the serenity of her pose."

Everybody forgot the news bureau editor was in his usual corner until his voice was heard across the room.

"A woman coming gladly to greet you, say, opening a door, with a smile of welcome on her face—that's my notion of a woman at her prettiest," he said.

"I don't care how she's dressed. She mustn't be a dowdy, or have buttons missing off her shoes or untidy hair, but she needn't pass muster at a beauty show. All I'd ask is a woman's face full of warmth and welcome—for me."